

Choice Poetry.

THE CITY OF THE LIVING.

In a long vaulted arch, where varied story
No record has today.
So long ago, a grief and glory—
There flourish, far away.

In a broad realm where beauty passed all measure,
A city fair and wide,
Wherein the dwellers in peace and pleasure,
And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, these stern marauders,
Which mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of that bright dwelling place.

No fear of parting and no dread of dying
Could ever enter there.
No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying,
Made any face less fair.

Without the city walls, death reigned as ever,
And graves rose to the sky,
Within the dwellers laughed at his endeavor,
And never any died.

O, happy of all earth's favored places!
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And feel no grave behind.

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And, hurrying from the world's remotest quarters,
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From their loved abode,
They might work and will, and live forever,
Still holding hands to God.

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Select Story.

COUNT POMBAL'S CAREER.

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So great, however, was the terror with which the hearts of the people of Lisbon were filled, that no one dared to utter a syllable when the mournful procession of doomed men came in sight. They presented a truly pitiful appearance. Many of them were over thirty years old. All were lively, not a few short, stout, and grizzled and soiled.

On arriving in front of the soldiers, they were ordered to kneel down. The clanking of their chains produced a horrible sound, as they obeyed the order. Some, however, were so dazed, that they remained standing.

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